THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 1981 *Thursday, April,* 17, 1828. *Price* 1 *d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

THE Comedy of *The Wonder* was exceedingly well played, at this Theatre, last night; after which, the Burlesque of *Bombastes Furioso,* introduced, for the first time, on these boards, Mr. J. Reeve, as *General Bombastes.*—In burlesque acting, Mr. J. Reeve is unrivalled, he abandons himself to the absurdity of the character, even more than Liston, and he did wisely to appear in such a character, at this house, where he will prove a most useful acquisition, and in some measure supply the loss of Liston, for although he has not the depth of humor or comic talent of that gentleman, yet there are many characters which would not be played so well by any one else besides. After the Burlesque, a general call for his appearance took place, and he came forward to announce, his second appearance, in this character, on Tuesday next, amidst retiterated applause. *Der Freischutz* concluded.—There was a good house.

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE Comedy of the *Belle's Stratagem, The Lancers,* and *A Roland for an Oliver,* were the entertainments at this Thratre, last night. We subjoin a more full account of the unfortunate accident that occured on Tuesday evening.

Master Wieland, who plays the Monkey, in the afterpiece, has to climb up the side scene, at the commencement of the piece. By some accident he lost his hold and fell from a height of 12, or 14, feet upon the stage, and came an his side and head. He moaned loudly and was carried off by the performers, who were taking part in the scene. The curtain dropped, and Mr. Browne came forward and stated, that he would report the nature of the accident soon as it could be ascertained. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, he again appeared and said that Master Wieland was seriously hurt, but that an endeavour would be made to get through the piece as well as possible. From this it was supposed that Master Wieland would not again appear; but when the curtain drew up he was seen sitting in a chair. The audience, with proper feeling, unanimously demanded his removal, and he was led off the stage evidently in a state of great suffering.—The panoramic scenery was then exhibited, and the curtain fell. Mr. Browne then once more came forward and stated that Master Wieland had been removed to his house under the care of a surgeon, and that his hurt was dangerous.

It was expected that the King would honor the French performance last night with his presence. Many anxious eye was consequently directed towards the Duke of Devonshire's box.—The house was full.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, a new Comedy, in 5 acts, called The

Merchant's Wedding

Or, London Frolics in 1638.

Warehouse, (a rich Merchant) Mr W. FARREN,
Frank Plotwell, Mr C. KEMBLE,
Seathrift, (another Merchant) Mr BLANCHARD,
Timothy Seathrift, Mr KEELEY,
Bright, Mr SERLE, Newcut, Mr HORREBOW,
Captain Quartfield, Mr BARTLEY,
Scoreup, Mr TURNOUR, Peter, Mr HENRY,
Salewit, (a Poet) Mr MEADOWS,
Bannswright, Mr EVANS, Cypher, Mr J. ISAACS,
Lieut. Valentine, Mr DIDDEAR,
Gregory, Mr MEARS. Page, Master HARVEY.
Aurelia, (a wealthy Heiress) Miss CHESTER,
Dorcas, Mrs J. HUGHES,
Penelope Plotwell.....Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Mrs Seathrift, Mrs WESTON,

To conclude with the Musical Drama, called

Alfred the Great.

The Music composed by Mr. A. Lee.

SAXONS.

Gog, Mr FAWCETT, Edwy, Mr DURUSET,
Alfred, King of England, Mr WARDE,
Odune, RAYMOND, Greybald, Mr BLANCHARD
Birtha, Mrs DAVENPORTE,
Judith, Mrs VINING, Blanche, Miss KELLY,
Elswitha, Miss J. SCOTT.

DANES.

Guthrum, Mr SERLE, Hubba, Mr HORREBOW,
Hafgar, Mr HENRY, Osric, Mr ISAACS,
Fengo, Mr MEARS,
Morac, Mr C. BLAND, Sweno, Mr TINNEY.

To-morrow, The Merchant of Venice, with Charles the Second.

Printed and Published by E. Thomas, Denmark Court, Exeter-change, Strand.
All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Comedy of

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Sir Sampson Legend, Mr DOWTON,
Valentine, Mr WALLACK, Tattle, Mr JONES,
Foresight, Mr MATHEWS,
Ben, Mr LISTON, Scandal, Mr COOPER,
Jeremy, Mr J. RUSSELL, Trapland, Mr HUGHES,
Buckram, Mr YARNOLD, Snap, Mr WEBSTER.
Angelica, Miss ELLEN TREE,
Mrs Foresight, Mrs ORGER, Nurse, Mrs C. JONES,
Miss Prue, Miss FOOTE,
Mrs Frail.....Mrs DAVISON.

After which, a new Piece, in 1 act, called

PERSONATION.

Lord Henry, Mr COOPER, Lady Julia, Miss FOOTE.

To which will be added, (9th time) a new Afterpiece, called

The Dumb Savoyard,

And His Monkey.

The Overture and new Music by Mr. R. Hughes—The Scenery by Messrs. Standfield, Andrews, Adams, and Marinani.
The Action arranged by Mr. W. Barrymore.

Count Giovanni Maldicini, (*a State Prisoner*) Mr YOUNGE,
Florin, (*his Infant Son*) Miss LANE,
Herr Vatchvell, (*an old Soldier, Keeper of the Prison*) Mr BROWNE,
Sturmwald, (*Keeper of the Ferry at Ober Wesel*) Mr WEBSTER,
Piponetto, (*the Dumb Savoyard*) Mrs BARRYMORE,
Marmazette, (*his Monkey*) Master RIDGWAY,

Rapinstein, Fiercenfold, Riflestaff, } *Chiefs of the Mountain Band,* { Mr HOWELL, Mr BARNES, Mr BARTLETT

Spielsburgh, Mr C. JONES,
Leopoldstadt, (*Captain of the Guard*) Mr YARNOLD,
The Band—Messrs. Hope, Brady, Brown, Gregory, Smith, &c.
Teresa Vanopa, (*Hostess of the Black Eagle*) Mrs C. JONES,
Celestina, Countess Maldicini, Mrs W. WEST,
Principle Dancers—Mr and Mrs Noble, *Dancing Villagers*—Misses Ryal, Zerbini, Macdonald, Chikini.

To-morrow, The Illustrious Stranger, Deaf as a Post, &c.

King's Theatre, Haymarket.

This Evening, will be performed the Opera of

Il Barbiere di Seviglia.

CHARACTERS BY

Mademoiselle SONTAG, *her first appearance.*
Signor CURIONI,
Signor PELLEGRINI, Signor DE ANGELI,
Signor DEVILLE, Signor PORTO,
Madame CASTELLI.

At the End of the first Act

A FAVOURITE DIVERTISSEMENT.

To conclude with

A FAVOURITE BALLET.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town. Now, may I beg the favor—pardon the liberty—never liked to be troublesome—but would you be so kind, from time to time—just for the information of my friends—as to allow your most useful Periodical to become the channel for announcing to them where I may be met with on the several days of the week. Monday—I will be found seated at the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, anxiously admiring the two new Views, the charming Village of Unterseen, and the Cloisters of St. Wandrille—quite bewitching!—About two I pop in to see Mr. Burford's Marine Panorama of the *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagration is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. Tuesday—I loiter about the Quadrant—generally drop in at my old friend *Alexander Lee's* Music Warehouse—think it very superb—find him busy composing a new Opera. Wednesday I wander through the various departments of that elegant Establishment, the Royal Bazaar Exhibition, 73, Oxford Street, and view The Works of Art, and British Diorama.—At 3 I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops; but the *Microscopic* Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. Afterwards I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in the same street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Work shop.—On Thursday—I qualify Mrs. P—'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock at the *Apollonicon;* and on our return, drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* beautiful Needle-Work. Friday—I drop into the *Cosmorama*, where the conflagration is really alarming, and where one can enjoy shade and sunshine, and the beauties of variegated Scenery, with the utmost delight—love rural views—change 1st. of May. In the same Street, at the Argyll Rooms, I may be found on Saturday, inspecting the celebrated *Rock Salt Mine*—Ten enchanting views—done by Kopelent, exactly from nature.—Most evenings I enjoy a Cup of excellent Coffee, and the finest Cigars in London, at the celebrated Cigar Divan, King Street, Covent Garden—but I intrude—beg pardon. Your's, PAUL PRY.

P. S. When any new arrangement occurs, will let you know.